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. . . Since the beginning of the war, 10,780 Filipinos have been killed and 2,104 wounded. The Philippine transport service alone has cost about thirteen and a half million dollars. The warfare still goes on, and 60,000 soldiers are still necessary to hold the people in subjection. The Philippine Commission, now at Manila, expect to take charge about the 1st of September.

. . . The Peace Summer School at Mystic, Conn., under the auspices of the Universal Peace Union of Philadelphia, will open on the 1st of August and continue for the month. It will be conducted on lines similar to those of last summer, special attention being given to children's exercises. The school will be followed by the annual peace grove meetings the last week in August.

. . . Dr. B. F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society, delivered an address on "The Historic Development of the Peace Idea" at the Summer School of Religious History held at Haverford College, Pa., the last ten days of June.

. . . At the great Christian Endeavor Convention in London, Dr. George C. Lorimer of Boston said that Christian Endeavorers everywhere ought to raise the cry "Brotherhood and no vengeance" in connection with the troubles in China. That is a Christian sentiment "worthy of all acceptance."

. . . The July Magazine Number of *The Outlook* contains an interesting collection of pictures relating to the present Chinese crisis, including authentic portraits of the young Emperor and of Kang Yu Wei, the famous leader of the Chinese reform party — portraits obtained from Chinese sources, and, it is believed, never before published.

### "Too Long."

BY JOHN COLLINS.

Too long the earth has mourned the desolation  
Of war and carnage since primeval time,  
Too oft has nation fought with kindred nation,  
And filled the land with sorrow and with crime.

The blood that stained a fratricidal brother  
When Abel fell beneath the murderous Cain,  
Could not, in after days, forewarn another  
From jealousy and hatred to abstain.

Sad is the record from the earliest ages,  
Ere the wide waters swept a world away,  
Deep is the dye that crimsons History's pages,  
Still moistened with the bloodshed of to-day.

Ah! could the myriads slain, to earth returning,  
Pass on in long parade before our eyes,  
What fearful sights, what groans in anguish burning,  
From countless multitudes would then arise!

Shall the relentless sword devour forever  
In climes that know not yet the Christian name,  
Or warlike science lend its aid to sever  
Nations allied in history and in faine?

Shall earthly rulers, rights of man defying,  
Demand increase of means for wasteful war,  
While many a fertile heritage is lying  
Untilled, whose owner shall return no more?

Still darkly from the war-clouds that are bending  
O'er populous realms in Asiatic skies,  
And conquest yet, its wide domain extending,  
Would claim the distant islands as its prize.

What mean the armies raised, as in defiance,  
Or warlike vessels launched upon the deep,  
But to declare that nations place reliance  
Upon competing force their power to keep?

Shame! that the churches fail of their commission,  
And by their acts the Prince of Peace ignore,  
When, thoughtless of their privileged condition,  
They train the young to love the form of war.

Though gloomy be the view o'er land and ocean,  
And human passions rage in every clime,  
Still press we on, untiring in devotion,  
Till Peace shall crown our mission in her time.

Then haste its advent! and the consummation  
When man shall find a friend in every foe,  
When armistice shall end in arbitration,  
And all our efforts shall fruition know.

Perchance, as just before the break of morning,  
The darkest mantle shrouds the coming day.  
May the past centuries prove a solemn warning  
That strife and violence must pass away.

### Patriotism.

BY DR. WILLIAM EVERETT.

(Dr. Everett's address, given before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard University on the 28th of June, has been pronounced the finest oration delivered in this country for many years. We give it in full, with the exception of the introduction in which the position of philosophy as the guide of life is defined, and let it make its own splendid plea for peace and its unanswerable condemnation of war.)

Patriotism — love of country — devotion to the land that bore us — is pressed upon us now as paramount to every other notion in its claims on head, hand and heart. It is pictured to us not merely as an amiable and inspiring emotion, but as a paramount duty, which is to sweep every other out of the way. The thought cannot be put in loftier or more comprehensive words than by Cicero: "*Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, cari familiares, propinquui; sed omnes hominum caritates una patria complexa est.*" ("Dear are parents, dear are children, dear are friends and relations; but all affections to all men are embraced in country alone.") The Greek, the Roman, the Frenchman, the German, talks about "fatherland," and we are beginning to copy them; though to my ear the English "mother country" is far more tender and true.

Cicero follows up his words by saying that for her no true son would, if need be, hesitate to die. And his words, themselves an echo of what the poets and orators, whose heir he was, had repeated again and again, have been reechoed and reiterated in many ages since he bowed his neck to the sword of his country's enemy.

But to give life for their country is the least part of what men have been willing to do for her. Human life has often seemed a very trifling possession to be exposed cheaply in all sorts of useless risks and feuds. It has been the cheerful sacrifice of the things that make life worth living, the eager endurance of things far worse than death, which show the mighty power which love of country holds over the entire being of men. Wealth that Croesus might have envied has been poured at the feet of our mother, and sacrifices taken up which St. Francis never knew. Ease and luxury, refined company and cultivated employment have been rejected for the hardships and suffering of the camp; the sympathy and idolatry of home have been abandoned for the tenfold hardships and sufferings of a political career; and at the age when we can offer neither life nor living as of any value to one's country, those children and grandchildren, which were to have been the old man's and the old woman's solace, are freely sent forth in the cause of the